1202. k. 27

EMENDATIONS

ON

An *Appeal* from the late Dean SWIFT.

OR

Right Hon. EARL of ORRERY

VINDICATED.

Ne faciam, inquis,
Omnino verſus? HORACE.

LONDON:
Printed for M. COOPER, at the Globe, in Pater-noſter-Row.
MDCCLII.

REMINDATIONS

ON

An Appeal from the late Dean SWIFT.

OR

Right Hon. EARL of ORRERY

VINDICATED.

Ne fidem, Inopi

Cautio nocet? Horace.

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EMENDATIONS

ON AN

APPEAL

From the late

DEAN *SWIFT*, &c.

'T WAS in that dulleſt Hour of Night,
When famiſh'd Shades and Dreams affright
The diſcompos'd, unſettled Brain,
And Darkneſs reaſſumes her Reign;

When

When weak Imaginations dread
The dreary Manſions of the Dead;
The Sun not riſen to adorn
The Beauties of the fragrant Morn,
Nor call'd forth Nature to ſurvey
The barren Genius of the Day;
No Bee yet ſtirring to devour
The Sweetneſs of the vernal Flow'r,
Nor Herd to graze, nor conſtant Dove
To tell forth Tales of nuptial Love;
When *Anti-Boyle*, with wild Surpriſe,
Saw the ſtern Spectre's ghaſtly Eyes
In Anger redd'ning to a Flame;
With tatter'd Dreſs, and hungry Mien,
Produc'd the viſionary Scene.

Poet, excuſe that I intrude
In Time abrupt, and Manner rude:
Forms I abhor, and now appear
To claim the Favour of your Ear.

Muſt *Orrery* become the Cauſe
To ſcreen from vulgar Eyes your Flaws?
I'll trace with Candour, where I can,
The Failings of a wretched Man.

Reflect on that miſtaken Day,
And thus to *Orrery* now ſay:
My deareſt Lord, theſe Leaves I ſend,
Which claim a Preſent for your Friend,

Expreſ-

Expreſſions proper to impart
Your needy Want and aching Heart.
Conſpicuous Friend! the Caſe is clear,
He grants me fifty Pounds a Year.
Thus ſkill'd with humble ſoothing Praiſe,
With Numbers low, and feeble Lays,
Avoiding Cenſure, nor expoſe
Ill-vented Verſe in hobbling Proſe.
To praiſe a Patron is no Sin,
And Panegyrics thus begin:

How juſt! how like in ev'ry Scene!
The Portrait living in the Dean!
Shall Truth be loſt in Friendſhip's Name,
To hide *Vaneſſa*'s wretched Shame?

It

It is not Friendſhip can defend
From Scorn, Reproach, a guilty Friend.
Without the faithful Story told,
The World muſt know the Dean grows old,
Impaired in Health, and loſt in Mind,
A uſeful Leſſon to Mankind.
O deeply learn'd in Books and Men,
I do allow your Lordſhip's Pen
Deſcribes, with Biographic Skill,
His Death, his Fortune, and his Will.
I write, you'll find with Eaſe a Hint,
Not Fondneſs to appear in Print.
The Title, my good Lord, to Fame
Is what I never meant to claim;

Nor take as my ſuperior Due
What juſtly appertains to you.
Relief, benignant Earl, afford;
I aſk the Crumblings of your Board.
Ariſe, triumphant learned BOYLE!
Fraught with the Greek and Roman Spoil,
For Virtue's Aid, and Learning's Uſe;
Refine all ignorant Abuſe,
Correct the Wrong, reclaim the Vile,
And help to form thy native Iſle.
Explain good Manners, teach good Senſe,
And ſpare not even *Swift*'s Pretence.
What more remains? I once did rail,
Forgive a hungry Poet's Tale.

Devoid of Humour, Taſte, or Wit,
That ſcarce one ſingle Inſtance hit,
Let Candour now the Moral tell:
If I am fed, my Lord, farewel.
What you compoſe, 'tis with Delight;
If I am hungry, I muſt write.
O wretched Fate of hackney Poet!
The Sequel of this Story ſhew it.

A certain Peer, as Stories ſay,
Obſerv'd a Veſſel in his Way,
Of Topaz, Amethyſt, or Gold,
Bedeck'd with many ſhining Fold:

A little Honey it poſſeſs'd,
To feed a humming noiſy Gueſt.
To it the Flies would oft repair,
And banquet on delicious Fare;
Within its open Breaſt diſcloſe
The ſweet Repaſt, and ſmooth Repoſe.
Soon as the faithleſs Flock eſpy
The Honey gone, the Veſſel dry,
Rage with fell Bitterneſs conſpire,
And all the horrid Forms of Ire,
To print their Spite promiſc'ous flew.
The Peer obſerv'd th' ungrateful Crew:
Begone, he cries, ye Inſects, hence,
Vermin of neither Wit nor Senſe.

And gently fann'd them with his Hand.

The num'rous Armies all disband.

In vain the ſilly Flies declaim

On Love, on Friendſhip, empty Name!

Solicit, hope, implore, admire;

And by the fatal Blaſt expire.

F I N I S.

And gently fann'd them with his Hand.

The num'rous Armies all disband.

In vain the filly Flies declaim

On Love, on Friendship, empty Name!

Solicit, hope, implore, admire;

And by the fatal Bluft expire.

FINIS.